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EDITORIAL.

"FOR EVER ENGLAND."

"I fervently pray that, both as nations and individuals, we may so order our lives after the ideals for which our brethren died that we may be able to meet their gallant souls once more, humbly, but unashamed."—**HIS MAJESTY THE KING.**

The whole Empire must be touched to the quick by the simple and solemn pilgrimage of its King to the War Cemeteries of Northern Flanders and France, where lie British dead who rallied round their country's Flag from the farthest bounds of Empire to defend it and all that it symbolises; His Majesty also visited the new French Cemetery, at Notre Dame de Lorette, where he laid a wreath of red roses, palm and laurel on the tombs of the heroic soldiers of France.

In his noble Address, spoken by the Stone of Remembrance in the Terlincthun Cemetery at Boulogne, which we print herewith, the King finely expressed his own feelings and interpreted those of his subjects, as also in his message to the President of the French Republic before leaving French soil, and to the King of the Belgians on his return to England.

Many have been the visits of English Kings to France in the centuries that are past, such as that of unrivalled magnificence which took place on the Field of the Cloth of Gold between Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France. The pilgrimage of King George was otherwise; almost as a private individual His Majesty went to pay homage to the glorious dead, and, at the conclusion of his pilgrimage, expressed his personal thanks to the President of the French Republic and to the French people "for the touching sympathy with his desire to make this pilgrimage in such privacy as was in harmony with his feeling of reverent

affection for the dead, and respect for those to whom they are dear."

The far-reaching effect of the words spoken by His Majesty may be to some extent estimated by the profound impression they have already made, by the enthusiasm they have aroused in our gallant French and Belgian Allies; and, as they are flashed round the world by cable, by wireless, yes, and even by the curious telepathy by which members of native tribes who can neither read nor write communicate news over wide areas of country, who can doubt that in Canada, in India, in Africa, and to the farthest bounds of Empire, they will do more to cement its defences than all the tactics of politicians; these may pass out of mind, but who can forget the clasped hands of the great Field-Marshal of Britain and France, upon which the King placed his own, or estimate the loyalty aroused by his gracious action in placing on the grave of a non-commissioned officer in the cemetery at Etaples the forget-me-nots sent to the Queen by a bereaved mother, begging that they might be laid there, and His Majesty's further strict instructions that they were on no account to be removed.

Our French Allies, with their genius for sympathetic understanding, have made us for ever their debtors by bestowing upon this country the land on which the British cemeteries stand in France as the free gift of the French People, "for the perpetual resting-place of those of the Allied Armies who fell in the war of 1914-1918 and are buried there." Side by side they lie, general and private, white man and black, in the equality of death, in the recognition accorded to one and all for duty nobly performed.

Those who on the journey to Paris have stopped to visit the British cemetery at

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